

Good-Bye

by HermiRules

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A/N: Ok, I know I should write this at the end, but I don't want to spoil the moment. This is my first attempt at a tearjerker, so don't be too hard on me. Sorry about the end, I couldn't stand being sad so I had to add something in there. PLEASE REVIEW!

He felt horrible. For the past few days, he had done nothing but cry. Harry had tried to cheer him up, but it was no good. She couldn't be gone—no! It was impossible.

But it was true.

_She _had died. He hated Voldemort more than ever. Now he had done something real, he'd killed someone so close to him. He just wanted to stay there forever, crying and hating, crying some more. He couldn't stand it without her; he missed her hand waving madly in the air, her big, bushy hair getting in her face while she was trying to work. He had never even gotten a chance to tell her how he felt.

Suddenly he heard someone outside. "Come In" he croaked. It hurt to talk. IT hurt to do anything. He hated life without her.

Harry pushed the door open, and when he saw Ron, he was angry. "Ron! You can't keep doing this to yourself. She's GONE! All the tears in the world wont bring her back!"

Ron's response to this was more silent tears.

Harry sighed and pulled something out of his pocket. He handed it to Ron. "Here, Ron. Its something Hermione made for you incase she everâ€¦ passed. I wasn't sure if I should give it to you, but now I know. I'll leave so you can look at it. Just rub it and it'll come." With that he left. Ron stopped crying and looked at the item with his tear-streaked face. It was a small, white stone. He shrugged and rubbed it, then almost toppled over at what he saw. It was Hermione!

There she was, standing before him. He wanted to run up and hug her, but something in him told him to stop. Hermione began to talk.

"Hi Ron! Ummâ€¦ this is a hologram, I made one for you incase I died. Well, I guess I did!" she was smiling broadly, and Ron started to cry. The figure frowned. "Ron, I hope your not crying. I don't want you to waste your life over me." She smiled at him with warm cinnamon brown eyes.

"Anyway I'd just like to say a few things. First, I need you to get on with your life. Don't waste away over me. That won't bring me back." She paused, then smiled again. "Another thing is, well, its kinda late to tell you this butâ€¦ " She blushed. "I love you. You were always with me, through thick and thin. We had petty little fights, but other than that you stood by me. Everyone expected me to end up with Harry, but thew truth is I've loved you sense I first met you on the train. I just never realized it."

A silent tear rolled down her cheek. "Anyways, I want you to know I loved you more than anything, but you need to move on. I'll watch you from heaven, but I don't think I'll be a ghost. Only people with horrendously unsolved problems become ghosts, and all my problems were solved when I met you." Her face was now streaming with tears.

"Ron, remember, The ones you love are never truly gone. They live within your heart. I love you, and I'll wait for you up in the sky. Good-bye, Ron." She blew him a kiss, and the image flickered, and faded.

He was shocked, but more that determined. Ron had a horrible aching in his throat, but he knew now it would go away. He dried his tears, kissed the stone and walked out of the room.

Hermione, watching from above smiled and went back tom playing pool with Elvis.

End
file.